

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, &
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every two dollar subscriber, who pays in advance for 1862, and to every person who gets up a club for 1862, will be given, or sent by mail (postage prepaid by us) a handsome colored map of the Slaveholding States—four feet long by three feet broad!

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Two copies, one year,	3.00
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Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to pay the United States postage on their papers.

Subscribers may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

SPINNING.

Dearest mother, let me go;
I am tired of this spinning, yet the whizzing
wheel goes round,
Till my brain is dull and dizzy with its ceaseless,
humming sound.
I can hear a little blue-bird, chirping sweetly in
your tree;
And he would not stay there, mother, if he were
not calling me.

Oh! in pity, let me go:
I have spun the flaxen thread, until my aching
fingers drop;
And my weary feet will falter, though the whizzing
wheel should stop.
I can see the sunny meadow where the gayest
flowers grow;
And I long to weave a garland;—dearest mother,
let me go.

Nay, be patient, eager child;
Summer smiles beyond the doorway, but stern
poverty is here;
We must give her faithful service, if her frown
we would not fear.
Spin on cheerily, little daughter, till your needful
task is done,
Then go forth with bird and blossom, at the setting
of the sun.

Wait thou, also, troubled soul;
Thou must look beyond the river, where the
white-robed angels stand;
Hear the faint, celestial music, wafted from the
sunrise land;
But thou can't leave thy labor;—when thy
thread is duly spun,
Thou shall see on flashing pinions, at the setting
of the sun.

—*The Continental Monthly.*

A LIFE'S SECRET.

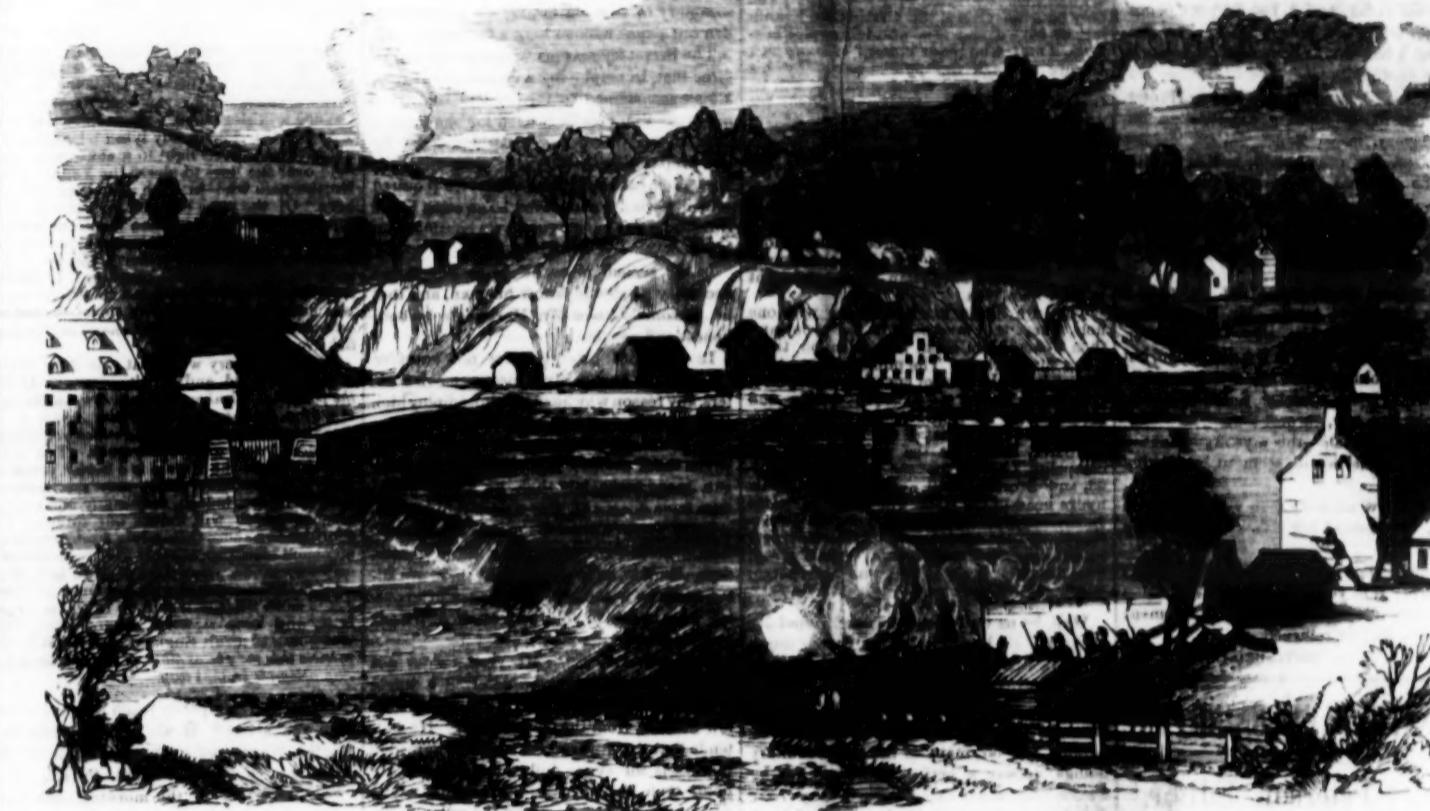
BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "THE RED
COURT FARM," &c. &c.

CHAPTER II.

FLORENCE HUNTER.

It is awful to reflect upon the change death makes, even in the petty every-day affairs of life. On the Easter Monday, spoken of in the last chapter, Richard Thornimett, his men, his contracts, and his business in progress, were all part of the life, the work, the bustle of the town of Ketterford. In a few weeks from that time, Richard Thornimett—who had not lived to see the morning light after his attack—was mouldering in the church-yard; and the business, the workshops, the artisans, all save the dwelling-house, which Mrs. Thornimett retained for herself, had passed into other hands. The name, Richard Thornimett, as one of the citizens of Ketterford, had ceased to be; all things were changed.

Mrs. Thornimett's friends and acquaintances had assembled to tender counsel, after the fashion of busybodies of the world. Some recommended her to continue the business: some, to give it up; some, to take in a gentleman as partner; some, to pay a handsome salary to an efficient manager. Mr. Thornimett listened politely to all, without the least intention of acting upon anybody's opinion but her own. Her mind had been made up from the first. Mr. Thornimett had died well off, and everything was left to her—half of the money to be hers for life, and then



Sharpshooters in the Mill.

Rebel Artillery.

Rebel Artillery. Sharpshooters.

Union Troops in Canal Locks.

Rebel Artillery. Lock-keeper's House.

ATTEMPT OF THE REBELS TO DESTROY DAM NO. 5 ON THE POTOMAC.

On Saturday, December 7th, 400 or 500 rebel infantry, with six pieces of artillery, made their appearance at Dam No. 5, nine miles above Williamsport, Md., with evident intentions of destroying the dam, so as to prevent the navigation of the canal for 38 miles below. They commenced firing at the dam, which firing was heard at Williamsport, where the 13th Massachusetts rifles was sta-

tioned. Colonel Leonard immediately dispatched one company of riflemen, who took position at the lock opposite during Saturday night. On Sunday morning the rebels again commenced their work of destruction, but were soon answered by the rifles, when they precipitately retreated, leaving for a time their guns, but finally succeeded in carrying them off. The engagement lasted for several

hours. The 13th had one man wounded, receiving five shots in the legs, but who will recover. The rebels lost seven men, and 15 or 16 men wounded, without accomplishing anything towards the destruction of the dam.

Another account says:—

"On Friday, all being quiet and no rebels in sight, Captain Kennedy, of the Virginia 1st regiment, Lieut. Palmer, Mr. Palmer, Mr.

Stanhope (who built the dam), and myself, crossed the river in a crazy old skiff, to examine the dam where the rebels had been at work. We found it not very much injured, although they had been at work at it for three days. It is a splendid work, and cost, I was informed, about \$200,000."

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highly considered firm was that of the Messrs. Hunter. Their father had made the business what it was, and had bequeathed it to them jointly at his death. James, whose wife and only child you have seen arriving by the train, after a week's visit to the country, was the elder brother, and was usually styled Mr. Hunter; the younger was known as Mr. Henry Hunter; and he had a large family. Each occupied a handsome house in a contiguous square.

Mr. Henry Hunter came up just as Austin did, and they entered the offices. In a private room, handsomely carpeted, stood two gentlemen. The one, had he not been so stout, would have borne a great likeness to Mr. Henry Hunter. In early life the likeness between the brothers had been remarkable; the same dark hair and eyes, the well-formed aquiline features, the same active, tall, light figure; but, of late years, James had grown fat, and the resemblance was in part lost. The other gentleman was Dr. Bevary, a spare man of middle height, the brother of Mrs. James Hunter. Mr. Henry Hunter introduced Austin Clay, speaking of the service rendered him, and broadly saying, as he had done to Florence, that but for him he should not now have been alive.

"There you go, Henry," cried Dr. Bevary. "That's one of your exaggerations, that is. You were always given to the marvellous, you know. Not alive!"

Mr. Henry Hunter turned to Austin. "Tell the truth, Mr. Clay. Should I, or not?" And Austin smiled, and said he believed not.

"I cannot understand it," exclaimed Dr. Bevary, after some explanation had been given by Mr. Henry Hunter.

"It is incredible to suppose a strange woman would attack you in that manner, unless she was mad."

"Mad, or not mad, she did it," returned Mr. Henry Hunter. "I was riding Salem—you know I took him with me, in that week's excursion I made at Easter—and the woman set upon me like a tigress, clutching hold of Salem, who won't stand such jokes. In his fury, he got loose from her, dashing he neither knew nor cared whither, and this fine fellow saved us on the very brink of the yawning pit—risking the chance of getting killed himself; for, had the horse not been arrested, I don't see how he could have helped being knocked over with us."

Mr. Hunter turned a warm, grateful look on Austin.

"How was it you never spoke of this, Henry?" he inquired of his brother.

"There's another curious phase of the affair," laughed Mr. Henry Hunter. "I have had a dislike to speak of it, even to think of it. I cannot tell you why; certainly not on account of the escaped danger. And it was over; so, what signified talking of it?"

"Why did she attack you?" cried Dr. Bevary.

"She evidently, if there was reason in her at all, mistook me for somebody else. All sorts of diabolical things she was beginning to accuse me of; of having evaded her for some great number of years, among the rest. I stopped her; telling her I had no mind to be the depository of other people's secrets."

"She solemnly protested to me after you rode away sir, that you were the man who had wrought the ill upon her," interposed Austin. "I told her I felt certain she was mistaken; and so drew down her anger upon me."

"Of what nature was the ill complained of?" asked Dr. Bevary.

"I cannot tell," said Austin. "I seemed to gather from her words that the ill was upon her family, or upon some portion of her family, more than upon her. I remember she made use of the expression, that it had broken up her happy home."

"And you did not know her?" exclaimed the doctor, looking at Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Know her?" returned Mr. Henry. "I never set eyes on her in all my life, until that day. I never was in the place before, or in its neighborhood. If I ever did work her wrong, or ill, I must have done it in my sleep, and with miles of distance intervening. Who is she? What is her name?"

"Her name is Gwinn, sir, and they come, it is said, from Wales. Her brother, many years ago, was articled to a lawyer in Ketterford, and in course of time he succeeded to the business. After this, a long while, I believe, a lady arrived one morning and took up her abode with him. It was discovered to be his sister, and the people in Ketterford say she is mad. Sometimes."

"What did you say the name was?" interrupted Dr. Bevary with startling emphasis. "Gwinn?"—and from Wales?"

"Yes."

Dr. Bevary paused, as if in deep thought.

"What is her Christian name?" he presently inquired.

"It is a somewhat uncommon one," replied Austin. "Agatha."

The doctor nodded his head, as if expecting the answer.

"A tall, spare, angular woman, of great strength," he remarked.

"Why, what do you know of her?" exclaimed Mr. Hunter to the doctor, in a surprised tone.

"Not a great deal. We medical men come across all sorts of persons occasionally," was the doctor's reply. And it was given in a concise, laconic manner, as if he did not care to be questioned further. Mr. Henry Hunter pursued the subject.

"If you know her, Bevary, perhaps you can tell whether she is mad or sane."

"She is sane. But she is one who can allow, perhaps, anger to master her at moments: I have seen it do so. Do you say her brother is a lawyer?" he continued to Austin Clay.

"Yes, he is. And not one of the first wasters, or to reputation—a grasping, pettifogging practitioner, who will take up any dirty case that may be brought to him. And in that, I fancy, he is a contrast to his sister; for, with all her strange ways, I should not judge her to be dishonorable. It is said he speculates,

and that he is not over particular whose money he gets to do it with."

"I wonder that she never told me about this brother," dreamily exclaimed the doctor, in an inward tone, as if forgetting that he spoke aloud.

"Where did you meet with her? When did you know her?" interposed Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Are you sure that you know nothing about her?" was the doctor's rejoinder, turning a searching glance upon Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Come, Bevary, what have you got to your head? I do not know her. I never met with her till she saw and accosted me. Are you acquainted with her history?"

"With a dark page in it."

"What is the page?"

Dr. Bevary shook his head.

"In the course of a physician's practice he becomes cognizant of many odds and ends of romance, dark or fair; things which he must hold sacred, and may not give utterance to."

Mr. Henry Hunter looked vexed.

"Perhaps you can understand the reason of her attacking me?"

"I could understand it, but for your personal assertion of her being a stranger to you. If it is so, I can only believe that she mistook you for another."

"If it is so," repeated Mr. Henry Hunter. "I am not in the habit of asserting an untruth, Bevary."

"Nor, on the other hand, is Miss Gwinn one to be deceived. She is keen as a razor. But, here am I, gossiping my morning away, when a host of patients are waiting for me. We poor doctors never get a holiday, like you your favored mortals."

He laughed as he went out, nodding a friendly farewell to Austin. Mr. Henry Hunter stepped out after him. Then Mr. Hunter, who had not taken part in the discussion, but had stood looking from the window while they carried it on, wheeled round to Austin and spoke in a low, earnest tone.

"What is this tale—this mystery—that my brother and the doctor seem to be picking up?"

"Sir, I know no more than you have heard me say. I witnessed her attack on Mr. Henry Hunter."

"I should like to know further about it: about her. Will you?"

His voice died away, for at that moment Mr. Henry Hunter returned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Our friends who send us postage stamps, will please send one or three cent stamps, instead of the higher denominations, which we find it very difficult to dispose of.

MICELLANEAN'S STRATEGY.

Several letters have appeared of late, said to be from responsible sources, calculated and designed to arrest an impatient spirit that recently, not unnaturally, has manifested itself.

So great an amount of dissatisfaction and corruption has been unearthing by the Potter and Van Wyck Congressional Committees, that it is no wonder that the people begin to regard almost every distinguished personage with more or less suspicion.

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point of stage "obsolete" in the dagger scene, which, though quite unauthorized by the text, was introduced with great effect.

As Macbeth creeps with stealthy steps toward Duncan's chamber, the three weird sisters appear in the dusky background, and with wild, silent gestures seem to

"Marshal him the way that he is going."

It is a little questionable whether such a suggestion of absolute fate "forcing him to the execution of his bloody purpose," is consistent with the scope and spirit of the play.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW. In three Lectures. Delivered in Boston, January, 1860. By CAROLINE H. DALL, author of "Woman's Right to Labor." "Historical Pictures Retouched," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Criticism upon such a work as that before us is, to a sincere desirer of human and societary progress, a task to be entered upon with hesitation. While we think we see in it, as in other publications on the same subject, many fallacies and one-sided views, there is yet such a core of truth in these complaints against woman's present status in the world, that we fear to do injustice to that view of the subject by freely stating our convictions in reference to the mistakes and misapprehensions connected with its consideration.

Woman's relations to man, to the world, and even to herself are undoubtedly in some points disorganized and false. So are the relations of man and man, of nation and nation, of labor and capital, of moral, political, and social life in all their branches. Each true-hearted reformer, bending under the cross of martyrdom imposed by a burning sense of wrong done and suffering endured, may well exclaim,

"The time is out of joint;—oh, cursed spite That ever I was born to set it right!"

So infinite is the task, as broad and deep as the sin that lies at the root of all evils.

Life is a compromise, and abstract truth is not a possible rule when dealing with defective materials. The very law upon which our Democratic government,—the best, we believe, that the world is yet capable of fulfilling,—is founded, the law that the majority shall rule, is a violation of the rights of the minority.

But how, this side of the millennium, shall we compound these jarring claims? Woman's Rights under the Law (Woman's Wrongs by the Law being understood) should then be considered with the question always in view,—Does the present law secure the greatest good to the greatest number? and, secondly, can the points which incommode the minority be altered without more serious wrong being done to the majority?

This view is precisely the one which is not taken in this earnest little treatise, which is essentially womanly in its manner of treating the subject. We mean by this no slight whatever to the womanly intellect, whose methods are in their own way most valuable, though that way is not the one by which laws are framed. If it is true that woman "reasons from generalities," it is equally true that she "dwells in particularis." We are, accordingly, not surprised to find the view of Law taken by the author of this book determined by the fact that it fails to suit this, that, or the other individual case. This wife suffers under the law which allows her worthless husband to consume the fruit of her labor; that unmarried woman is shut out from some lucrative and suitable employment; a widowed mother suffers by the will of an unjust husband, who partly or entirely deprives her of the guardianship of her children; Mrs. Norton, lovely and gifted, suffers everything that the brute who calls himself her husband can wrench from the letter of the English law. These wrongs are real, and not to be palliated or thought lightly of. Yet we think the evils lie far deeper than the laws which are supposed to cause these wrongs and that woman's right of suffrage, which is urged as the efficient remedy for all these disorders, would be far indeed from being found so. What law could shield a wife from the man who is the father of her children, and holds her life so closely entwined with his? Notting, short of a spiritual law, which should reform his selfish nature.

Let us match the individual instances of our authorship by one of our own. A woman whom we know, married under happy auspices, but found her husband cursed with an evil temper which in time degenerated even to the brutality of brawls. That, so far as this great truth has been in any respect departed from, by any of our people, or by any course of events, the toleration of such depravity has been caused by an overshadowing attachment to the Union, and by conscientious fidelity to those with whom we had voluntarily united in forming a great example of Free Government. That such departure—whether willing or unwilling, whether excusable or censurable—has nevertheless given birth to a mighty power in our midst—a power which has consigned 4,000,000 of our people to Slavery and arrayed 6,000,000 in rebellion against the very existence of our Government; which for three-quarters of a century, has disturbed the peace and harmony of the nation, and which has now armed nearly half a million of people against that Union which has been hitherto so dear to the lovers of Freedom throughout the world.

That by the very act of the Slave Power itself we have all of us been released from every obligation to tolerate any longer its existence among us.

That we are admonished—and day by day the conviction is gathering strength among us—that no harmony can be restored to the nation, no peace brought back to the people, no perpetuity secured to our Union, no permanency established for our Government, no hope elicited for the continuance of our freedom, until Slavery shall be wiped out of the land utterly and forever.

Therefore, we who now address you, as co-heirs with you in the great inheritance of Freedom, and as free men of America, most earnestly urge upon the President and upon Congress—

That, amid the varied events which are constantly occurring, and which will more and more occur, during the momentous struggle in which we are engaged, such measures may be adopted as will insure emancipation to all the people throughout the whole land, and thus complete the work which the Revolution began.

NEW PROOF OF THE GREAT ATTACHMENT OF SLAVEHOLDERS TO THEIR SLAVES.—Gen. Jim Lane told this story in a recent speech at Boston, as illustrating the great degree of attachment that their owners have for the poor slaves,—

"I have half a mind to relate an anecdote to show how the slaveholders cling to their property. [Voice—do it; do it.] Well, I will. We were marching to Springfield—I was in the rear of the column—when I was informed by one of my men that a woman in great distress wanted to see me. I told him to bring her to me, and he did. She was a big, brawny woman, fat, and over forty, and was crying. I asked her what the master was. She said, 'My two sons have joined the Confederate army, and now your soldiers have taken my two niggers.' Said I, 'My good woman, this is not the worst thing that could happen to you. I am on the track of your sons, and I shall probably catch them in a day or two and bring them.' [Laughter.] She threw her arms around my neck and said: 'General Lane, you may do what you want with my sons, if you'll only return the niggers.' [Great laughter.] I disengaged myself from her embrace, but didn't promise to return her niggers."

The statement of the "old black-letter book" is strictly true in an immense majority of cases, that the minority is barely recognized as existing. That the law does not favor this minority, and that its members can, when there is sufficient natural faculty, achieve their own freedom, is proved by the remarks in this book upon *Eros Bourne*. "This artist has asked no leave to be of church or society. 'I have no patience,' she once said, 'with women who ask permission

to think. Let women establish their claims by great and good works, not by conventions.' She took the whole world in her two brave woman's hands, found her inheritance, and resolved to enjoy it."

So, we say, sisters, let it be with you. Find your inheritance, and you will find, too, that if "public opinion educates woman," the reverse is even more true.

The point of this book, as in most other arguments for Woman's Rights, is to claim the extension of suffrage and of public and state offices to women. This is withheld, we are told, through blind prejudice. May we ask why men should be prejudiced against their mothers, their wives, their sisters, and their daughters? Is it not rather possible that there is some ground for that universal belief in the organic diversity of the sexes uniting each to perform the special duties of the other, which, in spite of the cry of "obsolete trash" will not be argued out of the human mind?

Mrs. Norton, champion as she is of Woman's Rights under the Law, gives us in "Smar of Dunleath" a sweeping generalization which, if admitted as true, would declare woman's unfitness for the forum, the halls of legislation, and the judge's seat. She says:—"If any proof were needed of the inferiority of intellect in women, it would be found in their treatment of each other. They are all and always *unjust*; they are often kind. You can have tenderness, pity, enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, anything from them except justice. That is the male virtue. For that they have neither courage nor comprehension. If they uphold a cause, it is because they are 'so sorry' for some one. Often they are 'sorry,' and yet dare not for their lives uphold it." This is sweepingly severe. We do not account the lack of that breadth of view and impartiality of judgment which is called "justice," as either a fault or a weakness in woman. She is best fitted for the specialties in which she dwells, and in these a woman's intuitions are more unerring than a man's reasonings.

As to discussions of the superiority and inferiority of either sex, we might expect from arguments upon these points further disputes as to whether heat or light is the best quality of the sun, and which should be allowed the larger share in forming the life and beauty of the universe.

The relation of man and woman to each other is a Union, not a Confederation.—Each family is a unit, and such speaks by one voice its wishes and commands to the state, as to the state to the nation, and the nation to the world.

PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.—A petition has been prepared at New York by a number of prominent men, including the poet Bayard, W. C. Noyes, Edgar Ketchum, Rev. Dr. Cheever, &c., &c., and recommended for general adoption and circulation. It reads as follows:—

To the President of the United States and to Congress:—

The people of the United States represent: That they recognize as lying at the very foundation of our Government, on which has been erected the fabric of our free institutions, the solemn and undying truth that by nature, all men are endowed with an unalienable right to liberty.

That, so far as this great truth has been in any respect departed from, by any of our people, or by any course of events, the toleration of such depravity has been caused by an overshadowing attachment to the Union, and by conscientious fidelity to those with whom we had voluntarily united in forming a great example of Free Government.

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From the Atlantic Monthly for February.

AT PORT ROYAL.—1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels creaks,
Our good boats swing swells;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles;
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire you blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds;
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

[SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.]

Oh, praise an' tank! De Lord He comes

To set de people free;

An' massa tink it day or doom,

An' we' ob jubilee.

Lord dat heep de Red Sea waves

He jus' as 'strong as den;

He say de word: we' la' night slaves;

To day, de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

Well'll hab de rice an' corn:

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear

De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbles gone;

He leab de land behind:

De Lord's breff blow him furder on,

Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de ho, we own de plough;

We own de hands dat hold;

We sell de pig, we sell de cow,

But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn:

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear

De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord; He glib us signs

Dat some day we be free;

De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,

De wild-duck to de seas;

We tink it when de church-bell ring,

We dream it in de dream;

De rice-bird meet it when he sing,

De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

We'll gib de rice an' corn:

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear

De driver blow his horn!

We dare no promise nebber fail,

An' nebber lie de word;

So like de 'postles in de jail,

We waited for de Lord:

An' now He open every door,

An' trow away de key;

We lub Him better free,

We lub Him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

He'll gib de rice an' corn:

So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear

De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondollers;

And with a secret pain,

And smiles that seem akin to tears,

We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,

Nor yet his hope den;

We only know that God is just,

And every wrong shall die.

Rude

EVENING.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Hark! hear the sleet against the pane—
And hear the wild winds blow!
It chills me with a shuddering dread,
This heavy heaving snow—
I cannot bear that all night long
The drifts should deepen so.

Oh, darling, that this storm should beat
Upon thy lonesome bough!
Oh, darling, that this drifting snow
Should heap above thy head,
And I not there to shelter thee,
And bear the storm instead!

I trim anew the glowing fire—
The flames leap merrily—
I make the lamp-light bright and clear—
Then art not here to see—
Ah, since I sit here all alone
What are they all to me?

Oh, dreary hearth! oh, lonesome life!
Oh, empty heart and home!
They dear feet never come—
There is no meaning in the word
Since thy loved lips are dumb!

Oh, all in vain the bright flames dance,
The ruddy embers glow—
I shiver in the mellow light,
Because, alas, I know
The snow drifts heap above thy sleep—
The heavy, heaving snow!

—Portland Transcript.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

It must be more than sixty years ago, for I am seventy-nine, and then I was only sixteen, and head-girl at the Ravensbourne school, when one day my Lady Ravensbourne came in to speak to the matron. I call her my lady, though by rights she was only Mrs. Ravensbourne, for to us she was far grander than any duchess, and all the village spoke of her as "my lady." She wanted a kitchen maid; and the matron called me up, and said a good word for me; and then my lady asked in her gentle way if I should like to live at the Hall. I hardly knew what to say between pleasure and bashfulness, but somehow it seemed all settled, and three weeks after, I went to Ravensbourne Park. Well, that time has not much to do with my story, but it was then that I first came to know and love my lady so well. I soon grew quite happy there, in spite of missing mother at first; for my lady was so kind, and took such care that we servants should be comfortable, that the place was like another home to me. I did not care so much about the squire, and was a bit afraid of him, for he had a loud voice, and a sharp way of speaking; but he was very fond of my lady, and let her persuade him into doing a great many kind things that he never would have thought of by himself.

I had been at the Hall about ten years, and had become one of the head-servants, and Master Edgar—that was their only child—was just thirteen, when there came a sad change in the house. My lady died. She had been ailing for long, but had still gone about, though looking sadly white and thin, till one day she was found sitting in her arm-chair by the open window, dead. The squire would never see before how ill she was, and now, when this great shock came, it seemed almost to stun him; he shut himself up alone, and when the funeral was over, had his things packed, and without a word to any one, set off for France with only his own man with him. A week later, Mrs. Gower, the housekeeper, had a letter bidding her dismiss most of the servants, since he should be away some time. Master Edgar was at school when his mother died; but in the holidays he used to come down to Ravensbourne, and except for him, we hardly saw a soul in the house from year's end to year's end. I was one of the few who stayed, and oh, how lonely it seemed! all my dear lady's rooms and the squire's shut up, and so many of the servants gone, till sometimes I thought I would give up my place, and seek another service; but then I knew I should pine to be back at Ravensbourne, altered though it was. So it went on for three years, while Master Edgar grew taller and handsomer every day, and so merry and pleasant; though he was a bit willful, and no wonder, left all to himself, with no one to look after him, for the squire never sent for him, though he wrote often, and Master Edgar always told us he was coming home soon.

News came at last, but not such as we had looked for. The squire was going to marry again. It was a French lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of our dear mistress; and when we knew this, we were right glad that the squire did not intend, as his letter told us, to come to England at present, though he wished his late wife's apartments to be re-furnished at once for his new bride. How angry we felt, and so I think did Master Edgar, though he said nothing, for a red flush came over his face when Mrs. Gower told him we had heard it, and he would frown and bite his lip whenever he caught sight of the carpenters and paper-hangers at work in the house. We hated the thought of the Frenchwoman who was to reign at Ravensbourne; but we need not have feared, for she never came. At the end of a year, another little son was born to the squire, and at the same time his wife died. I fancy it was no very bitter grief to him, for Marsden, his man, told me afterwards he thought it was a marriage made in haste, and repented at leisure, the squire looked so much more unhappy after it than before. However that might be, he seemed tired of France, and perhaps he was afraid of being caught by another artful Frenchwoman, for home he came as suddenly as he had gone, leaving the little babe with some of its foreign relations. He

looked older and paler, but he seemed very glad to be at Ravensbourne, and with Master Edgar again. My lady's rooms were shuttered up again, and their gay furniture covered over, and the squire and his son lived in another part of the house, and were very happy, riding and shooting together. Only one thing came in time to be a sore grief to the old squire, and that was, that his son would not marry. He had set his heart upon it, and seemed to long to have a woman's gentle, loving ways about him again; but say what he would, the young squire only laughed, and made answer that there was plenty of time, and he wanted no change just yet. So the years went on, and at last his son seemed to give up the notion, and only gave a deep sigh now and then, when he passed the empty rooms, or looked up at the great picture of my lady in the gallery.

But at last, when the young master was nigh upon thirty, the news began to get about that he was to be married, and no one doubted it who saw his father's beaming face. The young squire was very little at Ravensbourne while the courting went on, for the lady lived far up in the North, where he had first met her and fallen in love while on a shooting visit. But in the bright summer weather they were married, and he brought her home. There were great rejoicings, arches of flowers, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and all the servants drawn up in the oak-hall, and the old squire walking up and down there, and not able to be still for an instant. When at last we heard the wheels, he was out on the steps in an instant, and stood there with his white hair waving in the wind, ready to lift his daughter-in-law from the carriage. They came in together, she leaning on his arm, and her husband on her other side; and when they were in the hall, the squire welcomed her to her new home, and then turned to us, and made us all obey her as our mistress. She wore a veil when she came in, but while he spoke, she put it back, and oh, what a lovely, blushing face she had! She was very young—only nineteen, they said—but yet she looked as dignified and earnest as any woman could, while she said in a clear, sweet voice, that "she hoped to have strength given her to do her duty, and be a good mistress to us all."

The squire never looked sad now, and his son seemed blither than ever, as he walked and rode with his wife. Often, too, she drove with the old squire, or read to him, and it seemed truly as if a new light had found its way into the old home. They had been married about two years, when Master Jasper, the squire's other son, first came to England. His father had been to see him twice in France, but never seemed to care much for him, and when he came to Ravensbourne, no one wondered at this. He was a sallow-faced lad of sixteen, with a lowering look, and a foreign accent, that grated sorely on English ears; but for all that, and his sullen manner, I could not but pity him sometimes, he seemed so to stand alone among those who loved each other so dearly. My lady did indeed try to be kind to him, but he shrank away from her, and used to wander all day in the fields and woods alone. Once when I was brushing out my lady's beautiful hair (for I was her maid now), we saw Master Jasper crossing the park. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then said with a sigh:

"I think I could be fond of that boy if he did not hate my husband so."

"Hate my young master!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully. "I have seen him watching him often; I have seen the hatred in his face. Oh, I wish he were not here."

"The squire would send him away at once, if you wish it, my lady," I said.

"No, no," she answered hastily; "I could never wish it; it would not be right. This is where he ought to be, and I must learn to feel so."

It happened, strangely enough, that two days after this I myself saw, for the first time, the look of which she spoke. The young squire was going out riding, and was standing by the steps with the horse's bridle over his arm while he spoke to my lady; presently Master Jasper came down the steps, touched the horse sharply with his cane as he passed, and then strolled on, while the starled animal, breaking from his master's hold, galloped down the road. Mr. Edgar called one of the stablemen to catch the horse, and then striking after his brother, struck him with his riding-whip, and asked how he dared meddle with his horse. The lad made no answer, but I was standing near at the time, and the dark look on his face I never forgot. When his brother, two minutes after, turned round, and holding out his hand, said he was sorry to have been so violent, the other silently put the outstretched hand aside.

"I should not like you ever to be in Jasper's power," I heard the squire say afterwards to his wife; and she answered calmly: "I hope I am never likely to be." That same evening Master Jasper was closeted for two hours with his father, and the next day we heard that by his own desire he was going back to his old home in France. There was peace at Ravensbourne after he left; and when five years later, a son and heir was given to my master and mistress, their cup of blessing seemed filled to the brim. I think they had given up wishing; but I had known, in spite of my lady's cheerfulness, that it was a sore disappointment to her to have no child; and now when it came, she could not restrain her joy. We heard her singing in the garden and the house, and her step was light, and her eyes sparkled from morning to night. How she loved that boy! She would sit by the hour dancing him on her knee, or watching him sleeping; and when he was in her arms, her beautiful face had such a glow of pride and pleasure. Ah, we were all happy then; for until that time a fear had been with us, that when Master Edgar died, Master Jasper would have Ravensbourne Park. Very soon the little fellow's merry crowns sounded over the house; and his mother used to watch smilingly while the old squire mounted him on

his foot, or his own father tossed him in his arms. I like to think about those days, the more, perhaps, because even now I almost fear to bring back the memory of the time which followed, and changed my lady's life from joy to mourning. For that time came only too soon!

CHAPTER II.

The little boy—Gerald they had called him—was just beginning to trot about the house, when one day my young master went out hunting. He was to be home by sunset. But just as the sun dipped down among the trees, the groom rode into the stable-yard alone, his horse covered with foam, and told us breathlessly that his master had been thrown, in galloping down a steep hill, and that since they lifted him up, he had neither moved nor spoken. My lady heard the news without a tear, though the look in her sweet face went to my heart. She only said she would go to him at once; and she and the squire started off on horseback to the cottage, fifteen miles away, where he lay senseless. He just revived to draw her to his breast, and murmur what a blessing she had ever been to him, and then breathed his last upon her shoulder. They brought her home; and five days later she stood beside his grave, and then turned away, when all was over, still calm and quiet, striving to soothe his broken-hearted father.

But when she put aside her long crape veil, and lifting her boy, held him tightly to her heart, I knew by her face, and by her whispered words, that precious as he had been before, he was now the one joy and comfort of her life; and the little fellow seemed to know it, too, for loving as she had ever been to him, there was something in the clinging hold of her hand, and the fond, wistful look in her face, which had not been of old. The two were always together, wandering about the garden or park, or sitting in the library talking in low murmuring tones of the father he had lost, or often still in the squire's room; for the old squire was failing fast; perhaps there had been some signs of decay before his son's death, but if so, we had not noticed them. Now, however, all saw the sunken cheek and uncertain step, and felt his days were drawing to an end. Things began to grow sadly wrong now; and though my lady's rule still kept order in the house, in the stables and grounds all was very different to the days when the squire and Master Edgar were riding in and out with quick eyes and strong wills. One great disturbance there was, when a groom came home drunk in the middle of the night, having galloped my lady's own horse through the darkness, and broken its knee. In some way, this came to the squire's knowledge, and the groom was dismissed, and in his place came a dark, hard-looking man—Foster by name—whom we all disliked for his surly manner, though he was quiet enough, and joined in no stable riot. As time went on, and the squire grew weaker in body and mind, my lady and the little master hardly ever left him. She had written to Master Jasper, begging him, if he wished to see his father again, to come to England at once; but I saw that she was relieved when an answer came saying that he could not then leave France, and that he believed, besides that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at that time there came a change in my life, which prevented my being as much with my lady as I had been till now. Mrs. Weston had gone. That was not the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me, I sat pondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him, and whispered: "Look, isn't he beautiful?" He was indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the fringed eyelids, soft, rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she bent over her child, she seemed almost young again. I could not find in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his forehead, gave him one long, lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, I see it still! Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!

"It has been on my mind, too, Hannah, and I have thought of a plan. There is only one person I could trust as I trusted Mrs. Gower, and whom I should be quite happy in putting at the head of everything. Will you take her place?"

I was very much surprised, and at first I could not collect my thoughts or answer her. She went on earnestly:

"You know how I shall miss you. No one else can be to me what you are; but you will be more comfort and help to me as housekeeper than even as my maid."

And so we settled it, with many bitter tears on my part, when I gave up to a stranger the work of waiting on her. My successor was a pale little woman, with a startled look in her light blue eyes, and a nervous, hurried manner. Her name was Sarah Weston, and she had been a dressmaker in a small way in the village for some months; but when she heard that my lady wanted a maid, she came to offer herself, saying that she had once before been lady's maid. She told us that she was a widow, with one little girl, who lived with some relations far away, so she had no home; and as she far away, so many ways a likely person, my lady engaged her. One thing about her I thought strange, and that was, that though she had been eager and flattered in telling all she could do, yet she did not strike me as wishing to come; and when my lady engaged her, a shudder came over her face, and a look of such distress, that for a moment I thought she was ill. It passed, however, and she thanked my lady and took her leave. She came to us at once, and fitted quickly into her place, doing everything for my lady in a quiet, skillful way, and learning all her ways and fancies. Perhaps this very cleverness of hers gave me a jealous pang when I saw her busy in my mistress's room; or else there was something in her timid voice and shrinking manner which angered me, for I never saw her without a feeling of dislike rising up in my heart. Yet she was very humble to me, and I never had an uncivil word from her, as sometimes happened at first with the others.

It would have been a gloomy house now, but for that bit of sunshine, Master Gerald. The little darling was just four years old, and go where he would, every face brightened when it met his, and no one was too busy or too sorrowful for a game with him. His blithe voice was heard singing and shouting everywhere, except in the squire's room, and there it sank to a whisper. But he was little now, for his mother feared lest the sight of illness and suffering shouldadden his childish heart, and so he ran about the garden, and rode the old pony about the park, and spent many an hour, too, with me, chattering and scrambling about, while I made out accounts or looked over house-bills. The little window of the house-keeper's room looked out upon a stone court, and beyond it was a stream running close beside the house, and on beneath the terrace-wall, and down the hillside between steep banks almost hidden by trees, till it ran into the Tees near Hillborough Bridge, a mile away. It was deep and rapid, though not wide, and the rushing water was pleasant to hear one summer afternoon, when Master Gerald sat in the deep window-seat, humming a baby-song and turning over a picture book. Presently he threw it down, and pressing his rosy cheek against the window-seat, cried out—

"Look, Hannah, do you see how the water shines? And there are the stones all wet and shining, too—one, two, three, large stones that I never saw before."

I came to his side, and saw that the stream was low, and the rocks uncovered.

"Yes," I said, "the sun has dried up some of the water, and so those high rocks stand up above it."

"Oh, I should like to go down," the boy cried, eagerly, "and sit upon the rocks, and put my feet in the water. I'll get through the window—let me go!" and he struggled to get free. The more he pulled, the faster I held him, while I said that there were deep holes, in which he would be drowned, and that, besides, the water was strong enough to throw him down and hurt him terribly. He only went on trying to get loose, and crying out passionately that he would go to the bright water. A sudden sound behind made me look round, but it was only Mrs. Weston putting a tray of laces and muslins on the table. She started when I looked at her, and said, hurriedly—

"I only came to bring these. I beg your pardon; I didn't mean—"

" Didn't mean what?" I said, somewhat sharply. "Master Gerald and I were talking no secrets, though," I added, looking at him, "he may well be ashamed to let any one see him so naughty." The child hung his head, and let me lift him from the window. I put him on the floor. Mrs. Weston had gone. That was not the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me, I sat pondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him, and whispered: "Look, isn't he beautiful?" He was indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the fringed eyelids, soft, rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she bent over her child, she seemed almost young again. I could not find in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his forehead, gave him one long, lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, I see it still! Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!

"Go and search with the rest," he said; "I will take care of her," and, in truth, her poor weary head sunk down upon the pillow, and gently putting her into a chair by the bedside, I left them together. I stood for a moment outside the door, listening to the squire's murmured words and the sound of her exhausted weeping, and then walked on into the hall. I was just pondering where next to search, when one of the maids touched me on the arm, and said, in a low voice: "Can he have run out of doors?"

The stream flashed across my mind like lightning. Could he have awakened, remembering his wish to go there, and stolen out? The bare thought made me so sick, that I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then I went to the hall door. The night was pitch-dark, and to hunt without doors would have been madness; yet I went back to the kitchen door, and felt my way by the little path which led through a wire gate into the stone court beneath my window. There I called many times. No answer but the rushing water and the sounds within the house. I crept on close to the edge of the stream, but I could see nothing. I listened—and then, with that terrible doubt still in my mind, went back to the house. All that weary night through, we wandered to and fro, longing for morning. From time to time I went to the squire's room. My lady still sat where I had placed her, and the squire's hand still lay upon her shoulder. Each time he asked, "Is he found?" and each time when I answered, "Not yet," my lady's head, which had been raised when I came in, bowed again upon her hands with a bitter groan.

At length the day broke, and the men set out on horseback to search the park, and the women looked in greenhouses, and orchard, and garden. I went again to the stone court and the stream; the water still sparkled round the rocks, but I could see no trace of the child. I dared not go away from the house, lest my lady should need me, and I was turning indoors when the gate swung on its hinges, and the groom Foster came through. He had been one of those making the holiday the day before, and I called now to ask him if he had heard that the boy was lost. He answered in his curt way that he had. "Have you met any one? Is nothing found?" I went on. He shook his head suddenly, and then began muttering at being left to do all the work. This was too much, and I said: "No one but you would think about horses when Master Gerald is lost." "He'll be found," he said sullenly; "children ain't lost like that." I would not speak of him again, and went back to the kitchen, and there I stayed till the sound of voices took me into the hall. As I opened the door, three or four of the servants came up the steps, and foremost among them the nurse Jessie. She could not speak for weeping, but she held up before my eyes a little scarlet cloak that I had given to her son when he was born. I gasped out, "Where?"

I thought that the sight of the child might calm her, and not daring to leave her alone, hurried with her along the passage. One of the servants opened the kitchen door, and stood amazed at the sight of my lady. Hurriedly whispering to her to keep her side for a moment, I rushed up to the nursery. A shaded light burned on the table, and in the corner of the room stood the little crib; but when I bent over it, it was empty! I caught up the lamp, and threw back the bed-clothes—there was nothing beneath them. I looked round the room: the child's clothes lay on a chair, and near them were some of his playthings—a ball and whistle; but for two days those closed eyes never opened, the lips never moved. All the doctor's skill could do nothing, till on the third morning the child groaned showed that memory was returning. On that same day, towards sunset, the old squire lay back upon his pillow, and painfully breathed his last. His strength had seemed to return to him when she lay ill; but it was the last flicker before the flame went out for ever. When he was gone, there was no human being within many miles to whom I could look for guidance in the misery that had fallen on the house. My master and mistress had lived much to themselves, and among their tenants, and knew but slightly the few neighbors who were within reach of Ravensbourne. I felt that I must send for some one, and I cast about who it should be. Master Jasper came into my mind, but I could not bear the thought; and then I remembered my lady's cousin, Mr. Harrington, who had several times been to Ravensbourne. I could hardly leave my lady for an instant, for her maid had never recovered the shock of the first evening, and shrunk even from entering her mistress's room; but I managed to write by her bedside a little note to Mr. Harrington, begging him to come at once. I knew his address; and when I had sent off this note, there was nothing to be done but patiently to wait his coming.

"Master Gerald is not in the nursery; he must have hidden somewhere; and we must search for him; but first—" and I went up to the young nurse, who had only just come into the kitchen, and was gazing at me with wide open, scared eyes—"tell me, Jessie, when did you leave Master Gerald?" She was a Ravensbourne girl, whom I had known from babyhood, and whose word I could trust.

"Not an hour ago," she said. "Isn't he in bed?" She went on hurriedly: "I left him there, asleep. Martha was not at home, or I should have asked her to sit by him; but he was fast asleep, and Mrs. Weston was in my lady's dressing-room, close by."

"I didn't stay," broke in Mrs. Weston, with unusual sharpness. "I was only there for a few minutes, and could not watch the child."

The nurse looked at me. "I ought to have left him," she said, with a half-sob; "but I never thought of his moving; and now, oh, ma'am, if anything has happened to him!"

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copse." A very tall, and poor mother, her bed, was propped up, but for two weeks, the lips still could do nothing. returning, set, the side, and pain, strength had been laid ill; the flame gone, there miles to misery master and slaves, and at slightly in reach of send her should be laid, but I then I was Harrington, to Ravensbourne ready for an covered the trunk even; but I made him to press; and were no wait his

which I spent darkened kind and often into the strange my lady's had been questioning and caught some, had what his I hope Yet the and I felt we knew m. The and nothing this head laid sadly the little into the that looked the deep, the water this little but bare-roved to have stopped for any our, and out our had little less, in as well as high could get wish to it ever any other might should naturally trouble of mind attending privy things my little yet fell to last a, she, she acquired surried disappeared, useful, excuse, serve, and down of jealousy. My vicious, or a Har- fanned and my had the pitied, but wide,

came, and when all was done, I wandered into the park, and to find some relief for my aching heart. At another time, I should have thought much about leaving the home of thirty-five years, but now I could feel only for my mistress, and with bitter tears I prayed that she might be comforted in her misery. I had walked far, and was turning homewards down the beech avenue, when, at the further end, I caught sight of two figures, a man and woman, standing together with their backs towards me. I was surprised, for neither looked in the distance like any of the Ravensbourne servants, and no one else was likely to be there. But yet, as I drew near, there was something in the woman's figure which reminded me of Mrs. Weston. Could it be she? I had no time to discover, for before I had taken many steps, the person looked towards me, and almost directly after the two turned down a side-path, and were lost to sight. It was a wild lonely spot, far from the house, and near the boundary of the park and a deserted old cottage, once a keeper's lodge. It seemed a strange place to find the timid Mrs. Weston, yet the likeness as the woman moved had struck me more strongly than before. I was not curious usually, but now I felt an eager desire to know who the strangers were; and leaving the avenue, I hurried over the grass, and never stopped till I reached the house-door, tired and breathless. I knew that when I left home, Mrs. Weston had been at work in the maid's room. If she should not be there now, I would watch the door for her return. I went at once to the room, and there, at her work, quiet and busy, sat the lady's maid, just as I had left her. I felt vexed with myself for my hurry and mistake. It was odd, certainly; but my eyes were dim with weeping, and perhaps not so good as they were in my younger days, and they had played me false. The next morning we left Ravensbourne Hall. When the last moment came, and I told my lady that the carriage was waiting, she looked up at me with her sad eyes, and whispered hoarsely: "Must I go?" My face told her the mournful truth; and she rose calmly, and let me draw her shawl round her, and lead her down stairs, and to the carriage, where Mr. Harrington stood waiting. All the time, her trembling fingers clasped mine; but when the door closed, and we turned away from the home where she had once been so happy, she let go her grasp, and with a groan, pressed her hand to her forehead. I knew that she thought of her first coming to Ravensbourne. I thought of it too, and my heart seemed well-nigh breaking. She never spoke during the drive, and her eyes noted nothing of her new home as Mr. Harrington and I led her up stairs, and I think she hardly knew that she had reached it. He had stayed with her to the last moment, and now he was forced to hurry back to London. When he was gone, my lady turned and clung to me as though I were all now left her; and it was long before I could still her convulsive sobs, and yet longer before she closed her eyes and sank into a heavy sleep.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

DON MARIANO.

We will now return to Don Stefano Cochecho, whom we left in a fainting state between Ruperto and Don Mariano.

The double exclamation drawn from the hunter and the Mexican traveller, on recognizing the man they had picked up on the river bank, had plunged all three of them into a profound state of stupefaction. Bermudez was the first to recover his coolness, and he walked up to his master.

"Come, Don Mariano," he said to him, "do not stay here; perhaps it will be as well that, when your brother opens his eyes, he should not see you."

Don Mariano fixed a burning glance on the wounded man.

"How is it that I find him here?" he said, as if speaking to himself. "What is he doing in these savage regions? It was false, then, what he wrote about important business calling him to the United States, and that he had started for New Orleans?"

"Senor Don Estevan, your brother," Bermudez replied gravely, "is one of those darkly-intriguing men with whom it is impossible to know their thoughts, or guess their motives of action; you see, the hunter gives him a name which does not belong to him. For what purpose does he conceal himself, then? Believe me, Don Mariano, there is a mystery beneath this, which we will clear up, with the aid of Heaven; but let us be prudent; let us not reveal our presence to Don Estevan; there will always be time to do so when we discover that we have been deceived."

"That is true, Bermudez; your advice is good, and I will follow it; but, before retiring, let me assure myself as to his present condition. That man is my brother, and, however great the injuries he has done me may be, I should not like to see him die without assistance."

"Perhaps it would be better," Bermudez muttered.

Don Mariano looked at him angrily, and bent over the wounded man. The latter was still in a fainting state. Eglantine lavished on him those delicate and intelligent attentions, of which women of all nations and every color possess the secret, but yet could not recall him to life.

"Pray, Excellency, take my advice," Bermudez urged, "and retire."

Don Mariano took a last look at his brother, and seemed to hesitate; then turning away, with an effort, he said,

"Let us go."

The old servant's face brightened.

"I recommend this man to you," Don Mariano added, addressing Ruperto; "pay him all the attention his condition demands and humanity orders."

The hunter bowed. The Mexican gentleman walked a few steps towards his horse, which, with those of his companions, was fastened to a young ebony tree. Don Mariano retired with regret; a secret voice seemed to warn him to remain. At the moment he placed his foot in the stirrup, a hand was laid on his arm, and he turned sharply. A man was standing by his side; it was Flying Eagle.

The chief had left to the whites the care of transporting the wounded. With the instinct peculiar to his race, he had examined with the utmost attention the scene of the ambush, and all the spots whither the accidents of the combat had led the fighters. His object in thus acting had been to discover some trace, some sign, which, in case of need, might be useful to those who had an interest in discovering the causes of the snare laid for Don Miguel. Accident had aided him admirably, by supplying him with a proof whose value must be immense, and which, doubtless, Don Stefano would have brought back with his best blood, in order to destroy it. Unfortunately, this proof, interesting as it was, was a sealed letter for the Indian, and in his hands possessed no value.

Flying Eagle immediately thought of Don Mariano, who would probably explain to him the importance of the mysterious find he had made. After turning it over several times, he hid it in his bosom, and with the characteristic decision of his race, walked rapidly back to the camp, where he was certain of finding the Mexican.

"Is my father going away?" the Redskin asked.

"Yes," Don Mariano answered; "but I am glad to see you, Chief, before my departure, that I may thank you for your cordial hospitality."

The Indian bowed.

"My father can decipher the 'collars' of the palefaces. I think," he continued, "the whites have great knowledge. My father must be a chief of his nation."

Don Mariano looked at the Comanche in surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked him.

"Our Indian fathers taught us to preserve, on the skins of animals, prepared for the purpose, the interesting events that happened in our tribe in the old ages of the world. The palefaces know all; they possess the great medicine; they also have collars."

"Certainly we have books, in which, by means of recognized signs, the history of nations, and even the thoughts of men, can be traced."

The Indian made a gesture of joy.

"Good!" he said; "my father must know these signs, for his head is gray."

"I do know them. Can the simple knowledge I possess be of any service to you?"

Flying Eagle shook his head negatively.

"No," he said, "not to me, but perhaps to others."

"I do not understand you, Chief; be good enough, therefore, to explain yourself more clearly, for I wish to go away before that man regains his consciousness."



DON STEFANO'S RAGE AND FEAR ON DISCOVERING THE LOSS OF THE PORTFOLIO.

The Indian took a side glance at the injured man.

"He will not open his eyes for an hour," he said. "Flying Eagle can talk to his father."

In spite of himself Don Mariano felt interested in knowing what the Indian wished to tell him; so he resolved to wait, and made him a sign to speak. The Chief continued in a low voice,

"Let my father listen," he said. "Flying Eagle is not an old gossiping woman; he is a renowned Chief. The words his breast breathed are all inspired by the Wacondah. Flying Eagle loves the palefaces, because they have been good to him, and have, in certain circumstances, rendered him great services. After the fight, the Chief went over the field of battle; near the spot where the man fell whom my father brought here, Flying Eagle found a medicine bag, containing several collars. The Indian looked at them on all sides, but could not understand them, because the Wacondah had spread over his eyes the thick bandage which prevents the redskins equaling the whites. Still the Chief, suspecting that perhaps this mysterious bag, useless to him, might be important for my father or some of his friends, previously concealed it in his breast, and ran in all haste to hand it to my father. 'Here it is,' he added, drawing a portfolio from his bosom, and handing it to Don Mariano; 'let my father take it; perhaps he will be able to discover what it contains.'

Though the redskin's action was perfectly natural on his part, and the portfolio and its contents might be matters of indifference to the gentleman, he only took it from the Chief's hands with reluctance. The Indian folded his arms and waited, perfectly satisfied with what he had done.

Don Mariano absently examined the portfolio he held in his hand. It was made of very ordinary shagreen, with no ornaments or gilding; it could be seen that it was more for use than luxury; and it was ornamented with papers, and fastened with a small silver clasp. The examination, begun absently, suddenly assumed a great importance for Don Mariano, for his eyes had fallen on these words, half effaced, engraved in letters of gold on one of the sides of the portfolio—

"Don Estevan de Real-del-Monte."

At the sight of these words, which revealed to him the name of the owner of the object he held, he gave a start of surprise. While turning and speaking, he came on his brother, who still lay unconscious, and by a movement independent of his will, his hand squeezed it forcibly. This pressure opened the clasp, and several papers fell out.

Bermudez stooped quickly, and handed them to his master. The latter mechanically held out his hand to receive them, and return them to the portfolio; but Bermudez checked him resolutely.

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At the sight

"That is true," Ruperto answered.
"I never saw you, so you can have no feelings of animosity against me."

"That is correct. This is the first time Providence has brought us face to face."

"There remains this Indian warrior, who like yourself, is a perfect stranger to me."

"All that is correct."

"For what reason, then, can I be your prisoner? Unless, as I cannot believe, you belong to those birds of prey, called pirates, who swarm in the desert?"

"We are not pirates, but frank and honest hunters."

"A further reason why I should address my question to you again, and ask you if I am your prisoner, or no?"

"The question is not so simple as you suppose, although we have no reproaches to bring against you personally. Have you not insulted or offended other persons since you have been on the prairie?"

"I?"

"Who else but you? Did you not try, no later than last night, to assassinate a man in an ambuscade you laid for him?"

"Yes; but that man is my enemy."

"Well! Suppose, for a moment, we are friends of that man!"

"But it is not so. It cannot be."

"Why not? What makes you suppose so?"

Don Stefano shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"You must think me very foolish," he said, "if you would try to make me believe that quibble."

"It is not so much one as you imagine."

"Nonsense! If I had fallen into the hands of that man, he would have had me conveyed to his camp, in order to revenge himself on me in the presence of the bandits he commands, and to whom the sight of my punishment would, doubtless, have been too agreeable for him to have tried to deprive them of the delightful sight."

The old hunter, whose language had hitherto been ironical and face malicious, suddenly changed his tone, and became as serious and stern as he had previously been sarcastic.

"Listen," he said, "and profit by what you are going to hear. We are not the dupes of your feigned weakness. We know very well that your strength has nearly returned. The advice I give you is frank, and intended to guard you against yourself; you are not our prisoner, it is true, and yet you are not free."

"I do not understand you," Don Stefano interrupted him, the last words clouding over his face, which had suddenly grown brighter.

"Not one of the persons present," Marksman continued, "has any charge to bring against you. We do not know who you are; and before to day, I, at least, was entirely ignorant of your existence; but there is a man who asserts that he has against you—not feelings of hatred, for that would be a matter to settle between yourselves in a fair fight—but motives of complaint sufficiently great to justify your immediate trial."

"My trial!" Don Stefano repeated, in the utmost astonishment; "but before what tribunal does that man intend to try me? We are here in the desert."

"Yes; and you seem to forget it. In the desert, where the laws of cities are powerless to punish the guilty, there is a terrible, sum mary, implacable legislature, to which, in the common welfare, every aggrieved person has a right to appeal, when suspicious circumstances demand it."

"And what is this law?" Don Stefano asked, whose pale face had already assumed a cadaverous hue.

"It is Lynch law."

"Lynch law?"

"Yes; and in the name of that law we, who, as you say, do not know you, have been assembled to try you."

"Try me! but that is impossible. What crime have I committed? Who is the man that accuses me?"

"I cannot answer these questions. I do not know the crime of which you are accused, nor the name of your accuser; but believe me, we have no hatred or prejudice against you, and we shall, therefore, be impartial. Prepare your defence during the few moments left you, and when the moment arrives, try to prove your innocence, by confounding your accuser—a thing which I ardently desire."

Don Stefano let his head fall in his hands with an expression of despair.

"But how would you have me prepare my defence, when I am ignorant of the nature of the crimes imputed to me? Give me a light through the darkness, a flash, however slight, that I may be able to guide myself, and know where I am."

"In speaking as I did, Caballero, I obeyed my conscience, which ordered me to warn you of the danger that threatened you. It would be impossible for me to tell you more, for I am as ignorant as yourself."

"Oh! it is enough to drive a man mad," Don Stefano exclaimed.

At a sign from Marksman, Ruperto and Flying Eagle rose. The hunter nodded to Egantine to imitate their example. All four withdrew, and Don Stefano was left alone.

The Mexican rolled on the ground with the immense fury of a man before whom an insurmountable obstacle suddenly rises, and who, driven into a desperate position, is forced to confess himself vanquished. A prey to the deepest anxiety, ignorant whether to turn in order to despatch the tempest growing over his head, he sought in vain in his mind for the means to escape from the hands that held him. His inventive genius, so fertile in schemes of every description, furnished him with no subterfuge, no stratagem, that would aid him advantageously in supporting this supreme contest with the unknown. In vain he racked his brains; he found nothing.

Suddenly he drew himself up, and by a movement rapid as thought, thrust his hand into his chest.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully, and let his hand fall again by his side, "what has become of my portfolio?"

He searched eagerly around him, but found nothing.

"I am lost," he added, "if these men have found me. What shall I do? What will be come of me?"

A sound of horses was heard in the distance, gradually approaching the spot where the hunters were encamped. The sound soon became more distinct, and it was easy to recognize the advent of a numerous party of horsemen. In fact, within a quarter of an hour, some thirty mounted men, led by Brighteye, entered the clearing.

"Brighteye among these bandits!" Don Stefano asked. "What can be the meaning of this?"

His uncertainty did not last long. The new arrivals escorted a man whom Don Stefano recognized at once.

"Don Miguel Ortega! oh, oh!" Then he added, with one of those conniving smiles habitual to him, "Now I know my accuser. Come, come," he said to himself, "the position is not so desperate as I supposed. It is evident these men know nothing, and my precious papers have not fallen into their hands. Hum! I fancy that this terrible Lynch law will be wrong this time, and I shall escape from this peril, as I have done from so many others."

Don Miguel had passed without seeing Don Stefano, or, perhaps, as was more likely, without appearing to notice him. As for the prisoner, interested as he was in observing everything, and not allowing the slightest detail to escape his notice, he followed with watchful eye, while following the most indifferent behaviour, all the movements of the hunters. After gaily depositing the litter at the side of the clearing opposite to that where Don Stefano lay, the Gambusinos, instead of dismounting, formed a large circle, and remained motionless, rifle on thigh, thus rendering any attempt at flight impossible.

Buffalo skulls, intended to act as seats, were arranged in a semi circle round a fire of dry branches. On these skulls, five in number, five men immediately took their seats, arranged in the following order:—Don Miguel Ortega, performing the duties of president, in the centre, having on his right Marksman, on his left Brighteye, and then the Indian Chief and a Gambusino.

This tribunal in the open air, in the heart of the virgin forest, surrounded by these horsemen, in their strange costume, motionless as bronze statues, produced an effect at once imposing and striking. These five men, with stern looks and frowning eyebrows, calm and apathetic, bore a marvellous resemblance to that Holy Vein, which, in old times, on the banks of the Rhine, took the name of Caballeros, and then the Indian Chief and a Gambusino.

The adventurer waited a moment, to give the man he addressed time to reply. But Don Estevan, whose right name we will in future adhere to, did not think it advisable to do so. He remained cold and gloomy, and Don Miguel smiled contemptuously, and continued:—

"To my second question, you replied that you were born at Mazatlan, in 1808. That is false; you were born at Guanajuato, in 1805."

The adventurer waited a moment, to give the man he addressed time to reply. But Don Estevan, whose right name we will in future adhere to, did not think it advisable to do so. He remained cold and gloomy, and Don Miguel smiled contemptuously, and continued:—

"To my third question, you answered that you carried on the business of a merchant, and were established at Santa Fe. This is all false. You never were a merchant. You are a senator, and reside in Mexico. Last—

you said you were only crossing the desert on your road to Monterey, where the interests of your pretended business called you. As for the latter assertion, I need hardly, believe, prove its falsehood to you, for this is palpable from the other answers you made. Now I await your reply, if you have one to make—which I doubt."

Don Estevan had had time enough to recover from the rude blow he had received, hence he did not feel alarmed, as he believed he could guess whence the attack came, and by what means those in whose presence he now was had obtained this information about him. Hence he replied in a sarcastic tone, and drawing in his lips slyly:—

"Why do you fancy I cannot answer you, Caballero? Nothing is more easy; on the contrary, *capita!* because, during my fainting fit, you shall—I say I robbed me? No! I am polite, I will therefore say—adroitly carried off my portfolio; and because, after opening it, you obtained certain information, you throw it in my face, convinced that I shall feel dismasted by your being so conversant with my affairs. Nonsense! you are mad, on my soul! All these things are absurdities, which will not bear analysis. Yet it is true that my name is Don Estevan. I was born at Guanajuato, in 1805, and am a senator—what next? Those are strong motives on which to base an accusation against a Caballero! *Cuerpo de Cristo!* am I the only man in the desert who assumes a name other than his own? By what right do you, who only call each other by your surnames, wish to prevent me from following your example? It is the height of absurdity; and if you have no better reason to allege, I must ask you to let me go and attend to my affairs in peace."

"We affirm that all this is strictly true."

"Hence this man owed me everything—fortune, position, future; for, owing to my influence, I succeeded in having him elected a senator. Let us now see how he rewarded me for so many kindnesses, and the extent of his gratitude. He had succeeded in making me forget what I regarded as errors of youth, and persuade myself that he was entirely reformed: his conduct was ostensibly irreproachable; under certain circumstances, he had even displayed a rigor of principle, for which I was obliged to reprove him; in a word, he had succeeded in making me his dupe. Married, and father of two children, he brought them up with a strictness which, in my eyes, was a proof of his reformation; and he carefully repeated to me often, 'I do not wish my children to become what I have been.'

Owing to one of those numberless pronouncements which undermine and dismember our fine country, I was an object of suspicion to the new government, through some dark machination, and compelled to fly at once to save my threatened life. I knew not to whom to confide my wife and daughter, who, in spite of their desire, could not follow me. My brother offered to watch over them. A secret presentiment, a voice from heaven, which I did wrong to despise, warned my heart not to put faith in this man, nor accept his proposition. Time passed; I must depart; the soldiers sent to arrest me were thundering at the door of my house; I confided what was dearest to me in the world to that coward there, and fled. During the two years my absence lasted, I wrote letter after letter to my brother, and received no reply. I was suffering from mortal alarm, and was almost resolved, at all risks, to return to Mexico, when, thanks to certain friends who were indefatigable in my behalf, my name was erased from the list of proscribed, and I was permitted to return to my country. Scarcely two hours after receiving the news, I set out. I arrived at Vera Cruz four days later. Without taking time to rest, I mounted a horse, and galloped off, only leaving my wearied steed to take another, along the seventy leagues of road separating the capital from the port, and dismounted at my brother's door. He was away, but a letter from him informed me that, compelled by urgent business to proceed to New Orleans, he would return in a month, and begged me to await him. But not a word about my wife and daughter; not a syllable about the fortune I had entrusted to him. My alarm was changed into terror, and I pressed a misfortune. I left my brother's house half mad, remounted the almost foaled horse that had brought me there, and proceeded as rapidly as possible to my own house. Windows and doors were closed; the house had left so gay and animated was silent and gloomy as a tomb. I stood for a moment, not daring to rattle at the door. At length I made up my mind, preferring the reality, however terrible it might be, to the uncertainty which drove me mad."

"Do not bring that name forward. I have already told you that I was not your accuser, but your judge."

"Very good. Restore me my portfolio, and let us stop here, believe me, for in all this there is no advantage for you, unless you have resolved to assassinate me, which is very possible; and in that case I am at your service. I do not pretend to contend against the thirty or forty bandits who surround me. So kill me if you think proper, and let us have an end of it."

Don Stefano uttered these words with a tone of sovereign contempt, which his judges, like men whose mind is made up before-hand, did not appear to notice.

"We have others," Don Miguel answered, in an icy tone.

"I know your reasons. You, Don Miguel, who are also called Don Terrible and sometimes Don Jose, accuse me of having laid a trap for you, from which you were only saved by a miracle. But that is a master between ourselves, in which Heaven alone must be the arbiter."

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"What is your name?" he asked.

"Don Stefano Cochecho," the accused answered, without hesitation.

The judges exchanged a glance.

"Where were you born?"

"At Mazatlan, in 1808."

"What is your profession?"

"Merchant, at Santa Fe."

"What motive brought you into the desert?"

"I have told you already."

"Repeat it!" Don Miguel said, with perfect calmness.

I would remark that these questions, perfectly unnecessary for you, are beginning to grow tiresome."

"I ask you what motive brought you into the desert?"

Don Estevan had scarcely uttered these words, as the branches of a neighboring bush were drawn back, and a man appeared. He walked hastily toward the Mexican, and laid his hand boldly on his shoulder.

"Prove to me, then, that I am a vile calumniator, Don Estevan," he said, in a low and concentrated voice, as he regarded him with an expression of implacable hatred.

Don Estevan had scarcely uttered these words, as the branches of a neighboring bush were drawn back, and a man appeared. He walked hastily toward the Mexican, and laid his hand boldly on his shoulder.

"I am the who opened the door. Heavens

there is no other road to the town I wish to reach."

"Where are you going?"

"To Monterey. You see the docility with which I answer all your questions," he said, with the impudent tone he had assumed ever since he was led before his judges.

"Yes," Don Miguel replied slowly, delaying a strophe on each word; "you display great docility. I wish, for your own sake, you were equally truthful."

"What do you mean by that remark?" Don Stefano asked, haughtily.

"I mean that you have answered all of my questions with a falsehood," Don Miguel said, coolly and dryly.

Don Stefano frowned, and his tawny eye emitted a flash.

"Caballero!" he said, violently; "such an insult!"

"It is no insult," the adventurer answered, in his old tone; "it is the truth, as you know it as well as I."

"I should be curious to know the meaning of this," the Mexican tried to say.

Don Miguel looked at him fixedly and, in spite of his impudence, Don Stefano paid not attention.

"I will satisfy you," the adventurer said.

"I am listening."

"To my first question, you answered that your name was Don Stefano Cochecho?"

"Well?"

"That is false; for your name is Don Estevan de Real del Monte."

The accused gave a slight start. Don Stefano continued:—

"To my second question, you replied that you were born at Mazatlan, in 1808. That is false; you were born at Guanajuato, in 1805."

The adventurer waited a moment, to give the man he addressed time to reply. But Don Estevan, whose right name we will in future adhere to, did not think it advisable to do so. He remained cold and gloomy, and Don Miguel smiled contemptuously, and continued:—

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"Why do you fancy I cannot answer you, Caballero? Nothing is more easy; on the contrary, *capita!* because, during my fainting fit, I will therefore say—adroitly carried off my portfolio; and because, after opening it, you obtained certain information, you throw it in my face, convinced that I shall feel dismasted by your being so conversant with my affairs. Nonsense! you

THE PLUNDERERS OF THE NATION.

MR. DAWES' SPEECH IN CONGRESS.
Mr. Dawes (Rep., Mass.) from the Committee of Investigation on Government Contracts said—

Sir: I have not failed to notice, and I believe the Committee of which I am a member, have not failed to notice, in common with the whole country, that for some unaccountable reason, the charges upon the National Treasury, at this time of war, have been such as to reach nearly the bottom of the public chest. During the investigation, startling facts have come before the notice of this Committee, and to the notice of the whole country, touching the mode and manner of the expenditure of the public money. Some of these items I propose to call public attention to, and then to ask gentlemen the plain question, when they propose to meet this question, if at all, and if so, how, when, and where? The very first contract entered into by this Government, after the troops had left their homes to come here, in April last, to defend the Capital, by which they were to be fed, was a contract entered into for cattle. It was not made with a man whose business it was to supply cattle to the market, not with a man who knew the price of beef in the markets of the country, but was entered into by the Government here with a man well known in this, and in the other branch of Congress, for the last ten years, as an old stand-by—one of the class of men, who, in times past, made their money by such operations as buying the certificates of members for books at a discount, and then charging the full amount. This contract was made so that the first twenty-two hundred head of cattle furnished was charged at a rate which enabled their original contractor to sublet it in twenty-four hours after to a man in New York who did not know the price of beef, so that he put it into his pockets, without stirring from his chair, \$32,000, and the men who actually furnished the cattle in question put into their pockets \$26,000 more, so that the contract under which these 2,200 head of cattle were furnished to the army was so made that the \$38,000 was realized over the fair market price.

The expenditure will increase to when that great day shall arrive when our eyes shall be gladdened with a sight of the army in motion, I do not know. Another hundred millions will go with the hundreds more I have enumerated. Another hundred millions may be added to these before the 4th of March. What it may cost to put down the rebellion I care very little, provided, always, that it be put down effectually. But, sir, faith without works is dead, and I am free to confess that my faith sometimes fails me—I mean my faith in men, not my faith in the cause. When the history of these times shall be written, it will be a question upon whom the guilt will rest most heavily—upon him who has conspired to destroy, or upon him who has protracted to us by our fathers. It is no wonder that the public treasury trembles and staggers like a strong man with too great a burden upon him. A strong man in an air exhausted receiver is not more helpless to day than is the Treasury of this Government beneath the exhausting process to which it is subjected. The mighty monarch of the rest himself may hold at the vise the fiercest, mightiest of his foes, and opening his fangs, gives him a fatal wound, and although he may struggle on boldly and valiantly, the life blood is silently trickling from his heart, and he is at last forced to loosen his grasp, and he grows faint, and falters and dies. The Treasury notes issued in the face of these immense outlays, without a revenue from custom houses, from land sales, from any source whatever, are beginning to fall in the market. Already have they begun to sell at six per cent, discount at the tables of the money-changers; and at the very time, too, that we here exhibit the singular spectacle of fraud, and of a struggle with the Committee of Ways and Means itself, in an endeavor to lift up and sustain the Government of the country. Already the ruler—that curse of the camp—is following the Paymaster, as the shark follows the ship, buying up for four dollars every five dollars of the wages of the soldiers, paid to them in Treasury notes. I have no desire to hasten the movements of the army, or to criticize the conduct of its leaders, but in view of the stupendous drags upon the Treasury, I must say that I long for the day of striking the blow which will bring this rebellion to an end. Sixty days longer of this state of things will bring about a result one way or another. It is impossible that the Treasury of the United States can meet, and continue to meet, this state of things sixty days longer; and an ignominious peace must be submitted to unless we see to it that the credit of the country is sustained, and sustained, too, by the conviction going forth from this hall to the people of the country, that they will treat as traitors not only those who are here and manly enough to meet us face to face in the field of strife, but all those, who clandestinely and stealthily suck the life-blood from us in this mighty struggle. Whatever measures may emanate from the Committee on Ways and Means to meet and retrieve this state of things, they will but fail like a dead pall upon the public unless they give this assurance, that these unusual and extreme measures to reconstitute, revive, and replenish the Treasury, are not made to fill further and longer the already gorged pockets of the public plunderers. How, then, are we to contribute in this matter to revive public confidence in our public men, if it be not when these appropriations come up that we probe them, that we ascertain whether there can be spared? Our pressing duty now is to protect and save the Treasury from further wholesale or other system of plundering. In conclusion, he argued against paying for printing the Treasury notes, on the ground that the contract was improperly obtained.

Mr. Mallory (Un., Ky.) asked what regiments these horses belonged to, and who furnished them.

Mr. Dawes—They belonged to Col. Williams's regiment of cavalry, and they were purchased in Pennsylvania, from which state they were forwarded to Louisville, where they were condemned. There are eighty-three regiments of cavalry to-day, 1,000 strong.

Twenty millions of dollars had thus been expended on these cavalry regiments before they left the encampments where they were mustered into service, and hundreds of these horses have been condemned and sent back to Elmer, and to Annapolis, and to this city, to spend the winter. Any day hundreds of them can be seen round this city, chained to trees, where they were left to starve to death. Gangs of two hundred horses, in various places, have been thus left to die and rot, till the Committee on the District of Columbia have called for a measure of legislation to protect the city from the danger to be apprehended from these horse Golgothas. An ex-Governor of one state offered, to an ex-Judge of another state \$5,000 to get him permission to raise one of these regiments of cavalry, and when the ex-Judge brought back the commission, the ex-Governor takes it to his room at the hotel, while another plunger sits at the keyhole watching like a man thief while he inside counts up \$40,000 profit on the horses, and calculates \$20,000 more upon the accoutrements, and on the other details of furnishing these regiments. In addition to the arms in the hands of the 600,000 soldiers in the field, there are numerous outstanding contracts, made with private individuals—made upon advertisement, not made with the knowledge of the public, but made by ex-members of Congress, who know no more of the difference between one class of arms and another than does a Methodist minister. There are outstanding contracts for the manufacture of Springfield muskets, the first one of which cannot be delivered in six months from this day. There is a contract for the supply of one million and ninety thousand muskets, at twenty-eight dollars apiece, when the same quality of muskets are manufactured at Springfield for thirteen and a half apiece; and an ex-member of Congress is now in Massachusetts, trying to get machinery made by which he will be able to manufacture in some six months hence, at twenty-one dollars apiece, these rifled muskets manufactured to-day in that army for thirteen dollars and a half. Providence, before six months, will dispose of this war, or He will dispose of us. Not one of those muskets, thus contracted for, will be of the slightest service in this emergency, or before the Providence of God, whether for good or for evil, will dispose of it. I ask my friends from the North and North West, how they expect to benefit by an army at Chicago, at Rock Island and at Quincy, when 1,000,000 muskets will, according to this contract, be thrown upon the country, and that after the war is over, and such an enormous price, in addition to other outstanding contracts for the manufacture, some time hence, of 272,000 Enfield rifles? Besides, there are 75,543 sets of harness, to be delivered by-and-by, at the cost of \$1,978,446. I have not time to enumerate all these contracts. When we appropriated

at the last session of Congress, for this purpose, \$20,000,000, thirty-seven millions and some thousand dollars had been already pledged to contractors—not for the purchase of arms for the men in the field, not to protect them in fighting their country's battles in this great emergency and peril, but for some future use, for some future occasion, or to meet some present need of the contractors. I don't know which at this moment. And not only the appropriation of last session has been exhausted, but \$17,000,000 put upon it. The riot of the 19th of April, in Baltimore, opened this ball, and on the 21st of April, in the city of New York, there was organized a corps of plunderers of the Treasury. Two millions of dollars were entrusted to a poor, unfortunate, honest, but entirely incompetent editor of a paper in New York, to dispense it in the best manner he could. Straightway this gentleman began to purchase linen pantaloons, straw hats, London porter, dried herrings, and such like provisions for the army, till he expended in this way \$350,000 of the money, and then he got scared and quit. [Laughter.] There is an appropriation, also, for the supply of wood to the army. This contractor is pledged the payment of \$7 a cord for all the wood delivered to the different commands—wood collected after the labor of the soldiers themselves has cut down the trees to clear the ground for their batteries, and then this contractor employs the army wagons to draw it to the several camps, and he has no further trouble than to draw his \$7 for a cord, leaving the Government to draw the wood. [Laughter.] It costs two millions of dollars every day to support the army in the field. A hundred millions of dollars have thus been expended since we met on the 22d day of December, and all that time the army has been in repose. What the expenditure will increase to when that great day shall arrive when our eyes shall be gladdened with a sight of the army in motion, I do not know. Another hundred millions will go with the hundreds more I have enumerated. Another hundred millions may be added to these before the 4th of March. What it may cost to put down the rebellion I care very little, provided, always, that it be put down effectually. But, sir, faith without works is dead, and I am free to confess that my faith sometimes fails me—I mean my faith in men, not my faith in the cause. When the history of these times shall be written, it will be a question upon whom the guilt will rest most heavily—upon him who has conspired to destroy, or upon him who has protracted to us by our fathers. It is no wonder that the public treasury trembles and staggers like a strong man with too great a burden upon him. A strong man in an air exhausted receiver is not more helpless to day than is the Treasury of this Government beneath the exhausting process to which it is subjected. The mighty monarch of the rest himself may hold at the vise the fiercest, mightiest of his foes, and opening his fangs, gives him a fatal wound, and although he may struggle on boldly and valiantly, the life blood is silently trickling from his heart, and he is at last forced to loosen his grasp, and he grows faint, and falters and dies. The Treasury notes issued in the face of these immense outlays, without a revenue from custom houses, from land sales, from any source whatever, are beginning to fall in the market. Already have they begun to sell at six per cent, discount at the tables of the money-changers; and at the very time, too, that we here exhibit the singular spectacle of fraud, and of a struggle with the Committee of Ways and Means itself, in an endeavor to lift up and sustain the Government of the country. 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OUR COUNTRY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's glory in the sunbeams that sparkle on our way,
There's glory in the meteor as in the lightning's play.
There's glory in our forests, extending far and wide,
And in our noble rivers, our country's boast and pride.
There's glory in our northern lakes, as on our mountains high,
And in our wide-spread prairie-lands, uncultured though they lie.
There's glory all around us, above us and below,
And glory in each noble breed, as in the sun light's glow;
Then raise one glorious pean, unfurl our banner high,
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.

Down—down with the base traitors wherever they are found,
Who desecrate the altar on Freedom's holy ground;
'Mid their own southern breezes, or on our sea girt shore,
Down—down with the traitors, to be seen never more.
Oh, break—oh, break to pieces, the oppressor's golden wand,
The curse of his home, and the plague-spot of our land.
There's glory in the tempest, when the hurricane is o'er,
And glorious our country, when the plague spot is no more.
Unfettered she will rise—all luminous her beams,
The bright star of the morning, as in her early dreams.
Then raise a glorious pean—unfurled our banner high,
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.

From the shores of the Pacific unto Massachusetts bay,
The welkin swells the chorus, for Freedom's on her way;
The true life-pulse of the North beats as one and only one,
Her spirit's pulse is quickened and echoes but one tone.
Then onward, ever onward, oh, ye brave hearts of the North,
The bugle notes are sounding—the battle-cry gone forth,
To purify our country—to purge it from its sin,
For earnest truth and noble deeds the victory must win.
Then onward—ever onward, oh, ye brave hearts warm and true—
There's glory in the tempest, and there's glory yet for you.

God's love is in the thunderbolt, as in morn's rosy light,
In the soft and gentle sephyr, as in the darkest night;
Then buckle on your armor in good faith and soulful trust,
"The stars of Heaven will guide you,"—God's love is with the just;
Then raise a glorious pean, unfurl our banner high;
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.
January, 1862.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some pulling off their boots and coats, laid themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine-looking boy about six years of age, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair in thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, the father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his ears, which looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly leaned down upon the floor, put his little hands together so beautifully childlike, and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, to begin his prayer.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmurings of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around it—Christian men, retiring to rest without prayer at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel in a steamboat's cabin, acknowledge the goodness of God or ask His protection.

This was the training of some mother? Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on his sunny locks as she had taught him to lip his prayer?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless crowd.

What a man cannot argue his case without cursing and swearing, his discussion becomes too cursory.

The latest edition of "Burns' Junes." The conflagration at Charleston.

Wit and Humor.

EXTREME DELICACY.

"Is anything the matter?"
"There is, sir," was the host's reply.
"Have I given offence?"
"You have, sir."
"Really, I am ignorant of it."
"Such language won't suit here, sir."
"My dear sir, what language?"
"You were talking of soup."
"We were."
"You mentioned ox-tail."
"I did."

"That is it, that is it, sir. That sent the ladies blushing out of the room; that highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected it from you."

"Why, sir, I but called it its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence—but I really do not see how I could have avoided it."

"Then, sir, I advise you, when you have occasion another time to speak of that peculiar soup, do not call it ox-tail."

"No?"
"No, sir."
"But what shall I call it?"
"Fly disposer."

MAKE HIM PAYMASTER.—A correspondent tells the following story:

A politician, who struck pretty high at first, but who failed of success at every point, found himself, a short time since, very hard pushed for cash, and was found by the Administration to be not only a very seedy individual, but a very great bore. The President endured until he could endure no longer. One day, as a Cabinet meeting was about to break up, the President called his Secretaries to attend to one thing more.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "something must be done for this man Johnson. He has not got money enough to get out of town with, and if he had, he would not go—unless the rebels began to shell the place. He's got to be maintained somehow; now, what do you say?"

Mr. Seward shook his head. Mr. Chase had nothing. Mr. Welles had nothing. Mr. B. had long since disposed of the subject. Mr. Smith had no employment; and so everybody turned to the Secretary of War for an answer to the President's question.

"Well," said Mr. Cameron, "I don't see but we will have to let things take the usual course. I'll make him a paymaster."

EXPLICT.—"I say, fellow, can you tell me where Mr. Schwaekelhammer, the preacher, lives?"

"Yaw. You shust valk de road up to de greek, and durn de pitch over de stream. Den you go on dill you gun to a road mit voots around a schoolhouse; put you don't take dat road. Yell, den you go on dill you meet a pig para, shingled mit straw. Den you durn de road around de field, and go on dill you gun to a pig red house all speckled over mit vite, and de garret up stairs. Yell, dat is mine proder Han's house. Den you durn dat house around de parn, and you see a road dat goes up into de voots. Den you don't take dat road, too. Den you go right straight on, and de first house you meet is a haystack, and de next is a barrack. Yell, he don't lif dere. Den you will get furder, and you see a house on to de hill about a mile, and go in dere and ax de old woman, and she vill dell you pedder as I can."

SOMEWHOW CROOKED.—"Our road" is probably one of the most crooked, if not the crookedest in the West—it being but a succession of curves for over a hundred miles, and one curve, called Horseshoe Bend, bears off the palm from all the rest, it being three miles around, and only one half mile across, from what we might call the "heel forks."

As B—'s train was proceeding around this huge curve, a passenger asks B—what road that was in the distance.

"That? Why, that's the same road you're on," says B—.

"Is that?" says passenger, astonished. "What a crooked road."

"This is nothing; it crosses itself three or four times in the next ten miles," replied B—, as he passed into the next car.

A GOOD HIT.—A volunteer and some citizens, at Elmira, a few days since, were talking about the war, when, a difference having arisen, some person proposed to settle it by taking a drink.

"No, no," said the volunteer, "that is not the way to talk. You, and all other men who can possibly leave home, should at once agree to enlist. The war must be fought down upon the floor, put his little hands together so beautifully childlike, and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, to begin his prayer.

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